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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

There are certain stock phrases which all statesmen flourish during war in the face of their foe, but which should not be used. Those phrases are "never," "our last shilling," and "our last drop of blood." These words are fatuous because it is not statesmen who decide when war shall stop, but the armies in the field. Baron von Kühlmann says that "so long as a German hand can hold a musket" Germany will "never" give up Alsace and Lorraine. Quite so: but how long will German hands continue to hold muskets? That is a question beyond the power of Baron von Kühlmann or Dr. Michaelis to answer. In 1870, Thiers and Favre said, "not a fortress, not a rood of French soil shall be ceded." Of course the object of the speeches is to create ill-will between England and France, to placate the Pan-Germans, and whip up the spirits of everybody.

That there is serious discontent in the German Navy, which is practically a prisoner in its own ports, we can well believe. But we also believe—we admit without evidence—that the so-called "mutiny" was got up by the German Government with the objects of discrediting the Independent Socialists and of rallying the drooping patriotism of the masses. The mutiny at the Nore during the Napoleonic War was merely an affair of unpaid wages and bad food, and was soon settled. This Wilhelmshaven mutiny is obviously "a fake," planned by the Government which subsidised Bolo Pasha, and hails Bernstorff as its chief and most brilliant instrument. The most unpleasant feature of the present situation is that anything like free discussion is impossible, as the Press in all the belligerent countries is muzzled or inspired by the Government.

In the last two British "pushes," made on October 4 and 9 respectively, our armies would appear to have

overcome not only the enemy's "pill-boxes" and "melons," but the North Sea gales and the Flanders mud. In the circumstances, the moving up and repositioning of our batteries is no less than four times within the past three weeks is in itself a most remarkable achievement. General Plumer's men now hold a considerable portion of the Passchendaele crest and of the road between that village and Becelaere, the contest for which recalls that for the *Chemin des Dames*. Both Passchendaele and Gheluvelt should succumb to outflanking tactics in the course of the next stroke, when our command of the plain and the Roulers-Menin railway would be assured. Farther north, General Gough is engaged in a wide turning movement directed against the Houthulst Forest, a fortified labyrinth which bars the direct road and railway to Bruges, via Staden and Thourout. It looks as if the whole of the German positions between Dixmude and the sea were now in jeopardy.

With the early prospect of a renewed clash of arms in Mesopotamia and Palestine, as well as on the Sereth and the Lower Danube, the problem of the large Allied forces apparently immobilised in Macedonia will become once more acute. The British War Cabinet should now be called upon to show cause why a considerable body of highly trained Imperial and other troops—for none of our other armies contains so large a percentage of crack units belonging to the old Regulars as that commanded by General Milne—should remain in a deadly climate and upon a purely defensive task, since all hopes of an eventual British advance on Sofia up the Middle Struma Valley were doomed from the day Greek treachery made over the key position of Ruppel Fort to the Bulgaro-Germans.

Unfortunately, the soft Aegean breezes would seem to have lulled the *grand quartier-général* at Salonika to idleness, save, perhaps, as regards political demonstrations, frequent parades by the gendarmerie,

and lavish distributions of military medals and orders of chivalry. Frankly, for an army or group of armies whose aggregate strength cannot fall far short of half a million men, the present position is disappointing. Besides, it is materially injurious to the Allied interests on the remaining fronts. What is General Sarrail waiting for before assuming the offensive and endeavouring at the very least to tie down the Bulgar and Turkish divisions, which may otherwise serve to overwhelm the luckless Rumanians or else impede our progress in the Middle East? All danger from Athens or Larissa to the Allied communications has long since vanished with the departure of King Constantine, and assuredly the French Commander-in-Chief is not staking his hopes on the presumed heroism of Tino's erstwhile bodyguard, now converted to Venizelist tenets!

What, too, is our Imperial General Staff doing that it has not exacted of our War Cabinet either the immediate and competent prosecution of the campaign in Macedonia or the transfer of General Milne's fine command to a more useful theatre? Can any leading soldiers be held responsible for the inception of this costly side-show, which Sir Archibald Murray, Lord French, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir William Robertson are said to have condemned emphatically? Yet, as the outcome of the Boulogne Conference, held last autumn, our effectives on the Struma were increased; while, latterly, on the other hand, a number of British batteries have been transferred from Macedonia to the Isonzo front. Herein the military advisers to our War Cabinet would appear to have shown a certain wavering and inconsistency. The matter should be settled promptly and decisively. If we cannot get on in Macedonia, let us get out.

One of the most costly blunders made by our War Office Staff has been the underrating of the military resources of Turkey. We believe that the War Office founded their estimates on figures supplied to them by a clever Tory M.P. who is regarded as an Oriental expert. Those figures have been deceptive because the expert omitted to reckon with the simple fact that every year a large number of young men reach the fighting age. Mr. Hilaire Belloc made something of the same mistake. We remember that in the first year of the war Mr. Belloc used to delight West-End audiences with calculations which proved that the German armies must vanish from the earth in the course of a few months. Mr. Belloc merely forgot that every year large numbers of young men are automatically swept up by the sergeant's broom.

Have either our politicians, or our soldiers, or our Indian Government formed any clear idea of what they are going to do with Mesopotamia when they have got it? It is certain that Mesopotamia cannot be governed from Whitehall: we shall have quite enough to do to govern these islands without taking on the Garden of Eden and its adjacent territory. The Indian Government has been so discredited by recent events that presumably no one proposes to hand over Mesopotamia to the care of the overworked Simla secretariat. What, then, is to be done? We understand that efforts are being made to create a kind of Arab confederacy to take the place of the Turk, and to transpose the Khalifate from Constantinople to Mecca. This is madness. The Arabs are not so trustworthy as the Turks, and to turn out the Turk and put the Arab in his place is to ensure a long series of fanatical and tribal wars in Asiatic Turkey. Having given Turkey a drubbing, the only sensible policy is to put her back in her place.

We are now able to realise that Sir Stanley Maude's brilliant victory of last week on the Euphrates partook of a good deal more than offensive-defensive significance. By threatening the very nerve centre of Turkey's Asiatic railway system at Aleppo, and the main communications with Constantinople of the three

enemy army groups in Southern Palestine, and on the Tigris and the Dvāla respectively, our advance would in any case have given pause to Falkenhayn, who, so it was alleged, was preparing to crush Sir Stanley Maude's somewhat exposed right flank by a twofold converging advance from Mosul and Khanikin, on the Persian border. But it would appear that our present activity on the Euphrates is, in reality, a prelude to the early resumption of the offensive by General Allenby and Russia's Caucasian command, as well as by General Maude's Anglo-Indians. Aleppo, moreover, would be at the mercy of an allied *coup de main* from the sea, if Italy could find the requisite striking force to be landed under cover of our fleets. Nowhere is the strategic outlook more interesting than in the Middle East.

If Sir Stanley Maude succeeds in finally and completely defeating the Turkish and German forces in Mesopotamia, as to which the War Office people are confident, it will have a decisive effect upon the duration of the war. The possession of Bagdad by British troops will make the railway useless to Germany, and all the Kaiser's dreams of an Eastern empire will vanish. Turkey will probably find that the war has no further interest for her, and sue for peace. That is why Enver has rushed to Berlin and implored the War Lord to give him more troops and munitions and food and money. The German Staff realise as fully as the Turk the importance of Bagdad; but they may not have any troops or munitions or food to spare. Paper notes can always be printed, though unfortunately they will not fatten cannon-cattle.

Sweden is proving very troublesome. Branting, the Socialist Democrat leader, is trying to use his defeat of the Conservatives as a lever with which to extract more concessions from the British Government. The bone of contention at the moment is the requisitioning of Swedish ships lying in French and British harbours. Of course, the services of these ships will be exorbitantly paid for, and the requisitioning by belligerents of neutral ships in their own harbours is a recognised practice. In 1871 the Germans sunk some English coal ships, which they found lying in the Seine near Rouen, because the military authorities considered the measure necessary, and the British Government admitted the plea.

We hope that our Government will make no more concessions to Sweden, and that they will not let go the ships. The Swedes have been very unfriendly towards the Entente all through the war, and though the Court, the nobility, and the Conservative Party have been more openly pro-German than the Socialist Democrats, yet this little country has given us an infinity of trouble during the last three years, far more than its friendship is worth. Unquestionably Sweden has been a conduit-pipe for the transmission of food, munitions, and intelligence to Germany. The Swedish Government should be plainly told that there are limits to our patience. As an enemy Sweden would be contemptible; as a neutral she is a nuisance.

Ireland remains, as ever, the country of absurd paradoxes and surprises. The Irish Convention had pursued its course serenely, even swimmingly, under the chairmanship of Sir Horace Plunkett, whose profound knowledge of Ireland is only equalled by his tact and conciliatory wisdom. Not, of course, the details, but the outline of something like a definite plan had been agreed, and Nationalists and Ulstermen had been brought to see that the present Home Rule Act, especially in its financial provisions, is unworkable. Some kind of Irish Parliament there was to be: Ulster had relaxed its attitude of aloofness, and Sinn Féinism was regarded as abating its intensity. Suddenly Tom Ashe dies in prison, and instantly the work of weeks is undone. Ireland is at once plunged into the ferment of rebellion again; Mr. de Valera begins to bellow treason

louder than ever; and Mr. Duke is called upon to act decisively, and doesn't.

Tom Ashe was a Sinn Fein prisoner, who refused to be fed and to be clothed, and who died by his own act, if ever a man did. Dublin accorded him the full honours of a military funeral, such as is given to a Roberts or a Wolseley, only that the troops who lined the streets and usurped the functions of the police were not real soldiers, and wore sham uniforms. And so a national settlement, which was to heal the feuds of centuries, is upset at the eleventh hour by the death—or, rather, suicide—of Tom Ashe! Mr. Duke has been a disappointment, and people are beginning to say he is no better than Mr. Birrell. What is there in the air of Ireland that seems to numb the faculties and to paralyse the arm of justice? Mr. Duke is a really eminent lawyer, and is not deficient in courage. Of course, he knows nothing—cannot possibly know anything—of the character of Irishmen. But there are plenty of loyal and understanding Irishmen whom he might have called to his aid, and who would have told him that their countrymen must be governed firmly and consistently. Is it possible that the War Cabinet has held back the hand of Mr. Duke?

Only one thing can now save Ireland from following Russia into revolutionary anarchy. A clean sweep must be made of the whole Irish Castle executive. The Lord Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary, and the Commander-in-Chief must be replaced by men who will have the courage to govern Ireland in the proper sense of the term. Lord Wimborne was never anything but a figure-head without a head. Mr. Duke has turned out to be a replica of Mr. Birrell without his wit. All faith in Dukeism has vanished, and Sir Bryan Mahon, after a varied and distinguished career in Egypt and India, seems to have exhausted his vital capital.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's resignation of the leadership of the Liberal Party in Canada will ease the situation. So bitter is the feeling aroused by the attitude of the French Canadians towards the war that no French Canadian could ever become Premier of the Dominion. There is no excuse for the smallness of the French Canadian enlistment, or for their avowed indifference to the war. The fortunes of France and Great Britain are at stake; and if the French Canadians are interested in neither of those countries, to which they owe everything, then they are interested in nobody but themselves, and should be treated as outsiders. The truth, of course, is that the province of Quebec is the most priest-ridden corner of God's earth.

The talk of Sir Lomer Gouin as Sir Wilfrid Laurier's successor is for the above reasons absurd. The Liberals are in search of a leader, as the Conservatives are here. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a great personality, despite of the doubts that were occasionally cast on his sincerity. He was a born orator, and he had that dash of charlatanism, that touch of the play-actor, which is so necessary to leaders of men. Sir John A. Macdonald had it too, though the Scotch are not generally regarded as dramatic. It is certain that a statesman cannot reach the imagination or grapple men to his side unless he has the art of attitudes, and can impress his mind upon his generation by wit or passionate rhetoric. It is to be regretted that Sir Robert Borden, though a sound and clear-headed Conservative, has none of these magnetic powers. We think too highly of the Canadians to suppose they will allow Quebec to grow into a second Ireland. But they must grasp their nettle firmly.

Sir Arthur Lee is forty-eight and his lady is presumably younger. Barring accidents, it must be twenty-five or thirty years before the gift of Chequers Court to the Prime Minister, with £2,200 a year for maintenance, can take effect. Should the Prime Minister de-

cline the gift, it is to be offered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and failing him to other Ministers in a descending scale, including the American Ambassador, and ending with the First Commissioner of Works. In the present unsettled state of the world it seems imprudent to settle an estate on certain public officials, who may not be in existence twenty-five years hence. In our judgment the money prizes for needy demagogues are quite large enough at present. Should there be a Prime Minister in 1945, he will certainly be a Labour Internationalist, and our sons may see a Tom Mann carousing with a Kerensky, a Caillaux, and a Lenin in the library of the Russells and the Franklands. If, however, Sir Arthur Lee has thus insured his country-house from being wrecked in the coming revolution, we salute his wisdom.

Both Burke and Disraeli were political adventurers, in the good sense of the term; that is, they embarked on the voyage of politics with very barely furnished cabins. Both ended in a charming country-house, the gift of their friends, and, curiously enough, both houses were near each other and near to Chequers Court. Lord Rockingham lent Burke £30,000 with which he bought Gregories, which has disappeared, but stood near Lord Burnham's house. The Bentincks lent Disraeli very nearly the same sum, which helped him to buy Hughenden, where his nephew now lives. That a statesman should accept the assistance of friends and admirers to buy himself a country-house is very well: that he should occupy a Prytaneum in the country is State Socialism in an undignified guise.

Mr. Prothero made an excellent speech at Darlington last week on the prospective shortage of beef and mutton. It is not only the farmers who are on their trial before the eyes of the nation, but the "food-hogs" as well. As Mr. Prothero said, there are three courses: to slaughter more cows or heifers or veal calves, which is dangerous; to import more meat, which is impossible; or to reduce consumption. What chance is there of moderation in eating? We take the following from an evening paper: "The applicant, A. B. Tyrell, butcher, of Peckham Rye, stated that two months ago, when he was last before the tribunal, his takings were £140 and his net profits £5 weekly. Since then his turnover had increased to £160 and his net profits to £15. Since the prices had been regulated by the Food Controller trade had considerably increased. He had taken more money in the shop during the last two months than ever before."

The Camberwell Tribunal (doubtless composed of Peckham tradesmen) were so much impressed by the butcher's patriotism or his prosperity that, disregarding the military authority's urgent request for the man, they promptly granted him a further three months' exemption. All this confirms what we have frequently asserted—namely, that there would be no scarcity of anything but for the gluttony of those who are making money out of the war. Seven to eight millions of paper money are being paid out every day by the Government, and the handworkers of all kinds and the retail traders who supply their wants are living in riotous prosperity. Never before did the Bond Street shops do so large a business in costly dressing bags, jewellery, and dainty foods. It is no use lecturing the poor farmers: they are not to blame. One of the best contributions which the clergy could make to the national service would be sermons on continence at table.

So far as one can judge from the newspapers the wily Bolo Pasha seems to have extracted £500,000 from the Germans, of which about £300,000 found its way into the pockets of Madame Bolo and the Pasha. Should this turn out to be the fact, Bolo Pasha ought to receive the thanks of the French Chamber, and to be given that piece of red ribbon which for many years he has worn without having been admitted to the order. What strikes one in the eye is the childlike simplicity

of von Jagow and Bernstorff, who paid huge sums of money in the idea that they could really bring about peace by such means. The German character is an extraordinary mixture of industry in detail and incompetence to take a large view of a situation. The almost incredible blunders of German diplomacy are, of course, due to their mistaken belief that other people are as great blackguards as themselves.

The fact that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Arthur Balfour, is the largest shareholder in Wet Carbonising, Ltd., is no reason why that company should not possess an excellent bundle of patents for making briquettes and extracting coal tar products from peat. On the contrary, as Mr. Arthur Balfour is known to be anything but a child in chemistry, there is a presumption that the Wet Carbonising patents are good. But as the War Office has agreed to build at the public expense a factory in France—why not in England?—for the making of wet carbonising briquettes, which it will buy from the company, the public is entitled to know whether the scientific experts of the War Office have made any comparative tests of the dozen or more patent processes for treating peat. The public is also entitled to know something of the past record of Wet Carbonising, Ltd.

To hang head downwards from an aeroplane at a height of 7,000 feet—what a position! Who but a professional acrobat would hope to survive it and make a safe landing? Yet that feat, in the midst of a hostile attack, was accomplished by one of our airmen, as Mr. Boyd Cable told the audience in his lecture on "Over the Lines" on Wednesday. Truly our airmen are the very heroes of modern adventure:—"Virtus recludens immeritis mori Cælum, negata temptat iter via." We know too little of their achievements, which are generally shrouded in official reserve. When the Americans add their performers, doubtless we shall hear more.

On Monday the news was reported from Melbourne that a whale-boat with a German crew had been captured near the Fiji Islands. The surrender was ordered by a steamer which, to the German disgust, turned out to be unarmed. The launch was fitted with a machine-gun, and carried a small gun-crew. It had been detailed by the "Seeadler" for raiding work, and, while we may applaud the bluff that secured its capture, it is not pleasant to think that the crew of the "Seeadler" are still working as raiders. That vessel was reported as stranded on Lord Howe Island in the Pacific, and its guns as transferred to a motor-sloop and a French schooner. Of the latter nothing is known, but the sloop is, perhaps, the vessel now described as a "whale-boat." We hope that the German raiders will be all discovered and deprived of further opportunities to carry out their nefarious trade. Several times we have seen it stated that the seas were swept clear of any menace of the sort from our enemies. With such a preponderance of naval power on our side it certainly ought to be so.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, unless our memory bewrays us, has pledged himself to tear the Garter from the knee of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. When and where will this historic operation be performed? The editor of *John Bull* is a square-built, strongly-knit man, whom nothing would induce us to engage in combat—even if we were not, as regards our esteemed contemporaries, resolute pacifists. Lord Hardinge is a slim and wiry figure, who might be lighter and quicker in the ring than his adversary, and is, we hear, determined to defend his knee. We draw attention to this matter, because we cherish the hope that in journalistic courtesy we shall be favoured with an invitation to witness the fight between *John Bull* and the gartered knight.

#### HOW FOREIGNERS ARE FOOLING US.

THE other day we endeavoured to probe a few of the mysteries of our blockade policy, and we arrived at several conclusions which it may be worth while to recapitulate: (1) That the agricultural systems of Germany, Holland and Denmark are not self-sufficient, but depend upon the importation of feeding-stuffs and raw materials from abroad; (2) that it was for that reason possible to reduce Germany by a sea blockade; (3) that we had not attempted to reduce Germany, but upon the contrary had maintained food and fat factories in full blast upon her borders, whereby the German people and the German armies were fed; (4) that the reason for allowing the passage of such feeding-stuffs and raw materials was not consideration of America, since a great part of them did not come from America at all, but from the British Empire. And here we might add this further observation. It has been stated that the explanation of our policy lay in our dependence upon Holland and Denmark for food supplies. But here again we are faced by the fact that Denmark was allowed to reduce her export of food to this country by about half, and Holland was allowed to reduce it to practically nothing at all. Therefore, the reason could not lie altogether in our weakness as a food-producing country. These are, as we see them, the main features of a mystery which remains unsolved.

Hitherto the great difficulty has been to get definite information—and we are bound to say here that our Foreign Office has been very far from candid. But help has come from an unexpected quarter. Washington appears to have passed on to the American press a memorandum supplied by our Foreign Office which discloses the true position. And the true position as thus disclosed is worse than what the most severe critics of our blockade policy alleged it to be. It is shown that Germany received from neutral countries in the course of one year more than 1,400,000 tons of food, sufficient to support the German armies. The object of our Foreign Office in giving this information to the Americans was no doubt to procure their co-operation in the enforcement of the blockade. And America complied by holding back a great fleet of Danish and Dutch vessels laden with feeding-stuffs. But America, no doubt, replied that England ought to do her share in the work, and the Foreign Office contribution was an Order-in-Council couched in such obscure language that it had to be explained two days afterwards. Even now our Minister of Blockade seems unable to make up his mind to enforce a policy which he asks America to carry through.

What is the reason? We see in one quarter it is suggested that Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Leverton Harris, and their noble army of officials, have so tied themselves up in agreements that they cannot do anything without putting their feet through a scrap of paper. But as these scraps of paper have been dishonoured over and over again by the other signatories, they are void in international law, and could hardly be considered binding by a lawyer like Lord Robert Cecil.

We confess that the attempt to find a creditable and credible explanation only bemuses us. In the eighteenth century we valued our power of blockade so much that not once, but twice, we chose to fight almost the whole world rather than surrender it. And we were so successful that we broke down the armed neutralities and brought our enemies to terms. But nowadays we seem to prefer Allies to power and would rather win the benevolence of Brazil than deprive Germany of her coffee.

It is less comforting than humiliating for the Englishman to recognise that America is more whole-hearted in this business. She has not forgotten her Mahan or her own history, and knows the value of blockade. Moreover, America, incredible as it may appear, seems to be whole-hearted in this war. She is actually bent upon doing the German

people a serious mischief. She is not perpetually looking for reasons why she should do nothing; but is hitting out with a vigour and a freshness and an absence of punctilio which must fill our Foreign Office with misgivings but everybody else with gratitude and satisfaction.

One delightful departure of the Americans is the publicity of their foreign policy. They publish what they know about Germany and Germany's friends. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Morel and his friends have long been clamouring for this sort of thing in our country, and we can only hope they are satisfied with what they are getting from America. It should please the Union of Democratic Control.

We might have done it long ago, for our Foreign Office must have secrets quite as piquant. Why not begin now?

There is, for example, the case of Sweden. The Swedish Minister in the Argentine—is he the only sinner in that diplomatic service? Has our own Foreign Office no revelations to make about Swedish Ministers nearer home—and perhaps Dutch Ministers also? The Swedish Government has notoriously acted in the interest of Germany since the beginning of the war. There must be a pretty story to tell if only our Foreign Office would follow the democratic example of the United States. Then there is the Foreign Office of Denmark, and the share taken in the war by such Danish magnates as Mr. Andersen and Captain Cold for example. It seems to us that much good and no harm could be done by such revelations. For the Swedish people, like the Danish people, do not love Germany. In Sweden their dislike has been shown by their support of Mr. Branting, who has won a large part of his popularity by his open dislike of Germany and German methods. But the Foreign Offices of these two countries have leaned upon Germany, following possibly a prudent, but certainly an unpopular policy. Our Foreign Office might show them up to their own people.

We do not know quite what is the matter with our Foreign Office. It seems to be inhabited largely by old women with nerves. We have so many Allies that we do not know what to do with them, and yet we continue to be more nervous and more fearful than we were in the eighteenth century, when we faced the whole world in arms. There must be a change of spirit if British Foreign Policy is to maintain or regain the respect of the world. And our Foreign Office might initiate the reform by taking for its motto the saying of sturdy old Admiral Blake: "Our business is to keep foreigners from fooling us."

#### SYNDICALISM IN RUSSIA.

**S**YNDICALISM is the form of Socialism at present fashionable, not only in the ranks of organised Labour, but with the "highbrows" of Adelphi Terrace. Perhaps we should explain that Syndicalism means the control of trades and industries, not by the State, but by the groups of workmen who are employed. Thus the coal-mines would be controlled by the colliers, the railways by the porters and drivers, the cotton trade by the factory hands, and so on. We recommend those who are enamoured of this form of anarchy to read the speech which Mr. Herbert Allen delivered as chairman of the Russian Petroleum Company, which is reported in the *Financial News* of October 3rd.

The Baku workmen, of course, demand a six-fold increase of wages, while the Soviet restricts the selling-price of crude oil, not so much for the benefit of the consumer as of themselves, for they requisition large quantities of oil and omit to pay their own prices. "But the wages question is not our only trouble, nor, perhaps, even our worst," said Mr. Herbert Allen. "It is the preposterous conditions sought to be imposed upon the industry that are so serious—the interference with the management. The Workmen's Committee demand control not only of the men, but of the office staff, of the

higher administration and of the work on the fields; to decide who shall be employed and who dismissed; to transfer employees from one post to another; to allocate and price both daily and contract labour; to control the supply of materials and tools for the workshops and on the fields; and to be paid for this interference."

To make the employer pay the Committee which comes between him and his employees, and takes the management of his own business forcibly out of his hands, is surely an improvement on any Trade Union regulation in this country. But we are only half-way through the Committee's functions: "to veto the sale of the employers' property; to limit the working day to six hours in place of the present eight; to have six weeks' holiday per annum on full pay; . . . and the right to add to the demands of the workers as and whenever thought advisable. Meetings are held in working hours, and delegates are appointed who have to be paid by the employers. The Workmen's Committees virtually command the factories, and business has to be submitted to the men for their approval. If workmen strike, wages are demanded for the whole period of idleness." The payment of strike pay out of the capitalist's pocket instead of from Union funds is another improvement our Labour leaders would do well to adopt. But we are not surprised to learn from Mr. Allen that directors have asked to be placed under arrest as a protection, and that the oil-wells are being one after the other closed down.

This is the mistake which all Syndicalists make. They imagine that they can not only secure administrative control of a business—that is easy when backed by numbers and supported by the Government—but that they can force capital into their coffers by holding a pistol to the head of its owners. Capital is volatile, and, when hard pressed, knows no country. Like the passion of love, as described by Pope, capital,

"At sight of human ties,  
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies."

By a few scrawls on a scrap of paper, transmitted to the nearest post office, millions of capital can be shifted thousands of miles, across seas and military frontiers, from one country to another. We have no doubt that the Fabian pamphleteers and the leaders of the revolutionary section of the Labour nation have read Mr. Allen's list of grievances with exultant eyes, if not with moistened lips. "Why, these are exactly the things which Labour wants and means to have in this country, as in Russia. We are grateful to the Soviet for showing us the way." Yes; but the point is that even the Soviet, in the present condition of Russia, cannot prevent Mr. Allen and his shareholders from buttoning up their pockets, or, in modern phrase, closing their bank accounts in Baku. The prudent business men wisely consider that it is better to seal up their oil-wells, or to leave a caretaker to bale out, than to continue sinking their money in the payment of Soviet delegates, or the keeping of Russian peasants in a perpetual carnival of idleness. The petroleum industry is as important to Russia as coal-mining is to Great Britain. The result of Syndicalism is that the Baku oilfields have been converted into a desert. Let us thank the Soviet for a very useful lesson in economics.

#### THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM.

**C**RITICISM, according to Matthew Arnold's famous essay, is a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches, and the rule for its course is disinterestedness. Its business is to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create "a current of true and fresh ideas." The bane of criticism in this country is at present—so wrote our greatest critic in 1865—that "practical considerations cling to it and stifle it: it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having prac-

tical ends to serve, and with them the practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted." Matthew Arnold knew well enough that there must be parties. "It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties and that each of these sects and parties should have its organ and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them." The best spiritual work of criticism, we are told in another passage, "is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising, to lead him towards perfection by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

In the fifty years that have passed since these words were written criticism, as a branch of English literature, has declined so rapidly that it has nearly ceased to exist. Any attempt to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarising has been abandoned, and replaced by a glorification of all his works, which, by being indiscriminate, has become valueless and, indeed, meaningless. Disinterested criticism is not to be found, and for a plain, if unworthy, reason—it does not pay. Instead of detaching itself from practical consequences, criticism has sunk into the underpaid service of a commercial concern. The mercenary spirit is, of course, fatal to the free play of mind; and in no department of letters has the withering influence of commercialism been more felt than in criticism. The publishers and the proprietors of magazines and newspapers care nothing for a current of ideas, but they care very much for a current of cash towards the till. What is the editor to do? If he encourages a free play of mind among his staff on contemporary letters, some publisher or advertiser is sure to be offended, and he will be brought up short by the proprietor's curb and a "This sort of thing won't do."

In the morning and evening newspapers it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to provide real criticism. The moment a new book, written by a notoriety or by a person of any social or political importance, is published, the newspapers enter into a race with one another to be the first, by aid of scissors and nimble stenographer, to tear the guts out and give it in gobbets to a preoccupied and half-educated public. As for novels, they are tossed by the score to boys and girls to be gushed over for a few shillings. When Johnson was being teased by the compliments of a female admirer, he said, rudely enough, "Madam, before you bestow your praise so liberally, you should consider what it may be worth." We sometimes wonder why the editors, who publish what one of our correspondents last week called "turgid balderdash" in their review columns, do not ask themselves what such praise can be worth in the minds of cultivated people, even of the authors themselves. The Literary Supplement of the *Times* is a very welcome beginning of the rehabilitation of serious and informed criticism. We can excuse the daily papers owing to the conditions of time and space. But we find it difficult to forgive the older magazines and reviews for the abdication of their literary duty. "With us in France," said St. Beuve, "it is not so much a question of whether we are amused or interested by a work, as whether we are right in being so interested or amused." There is, in other words, a literary conscience in France: there is none apparently in Britain. It was not always so. There was a time when the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, each representing a political party, kept a great part of their columns for disinterested criticism. They discharged in a measure the function of the French Academy: they expressed the body of educated opinion in the country; they kept up a literary standard by keeping down bad writers. In the presence of these two stern judges, clothed in robes of blue and buff, literary impostors stood abashed. And let us remember that it was the *Edinburgh's* attack on 'Hours of Idleness' that produced 'English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers' and made a great poet of Byron. Where are now our Jeffrey and our Gifford, our Lockhart or our Macaulay? The reviews and magazines are to-day divided between the pushing of political schemes and the discussion of a "topical"—i.e., a passing—event.

Some years ago there appeared in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW a truthful criticism of a very bad book. Purporting to be the memoirs of a lady of quality, it was a fake, in reality written by one of those purveyors of fashionable scandal who live in garrets off the Strand. It was full of obscene libels on the dead, and the SATURDAY REVIEW said so. The publisher instantly withdrew his advertisements and sent us no more books to review from that day to this. We are sorry to say another publishing firm, purveyors chiefly of religious books, did pretty much the same thing in connection with another criticism. We know that these two firms are exceptions, and that no respectable publisher would act in this way. Nevertheless there is, we feel sure, at the back of the publisher's head a kind of "do ut des" notion; the idea that advertisements should be exchanged for favourable reviews of his books. Certainly there is—or was—the idea in the theatrical owner's mind that the critic's stall was to be paid for by a nice notice. If the production of books was a trade like any other, the "do ut des" business would be natural and sensible. But criticism, as Arnold said, if it is to be of any value, must be disinterested, disconnected from practical, still more from pecuniary, consequences.

We have not written this article in a pharisaical spirit, to vaunt the superior virtue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, but to show that the present system is really one of disguised corruption; that the body of educated opinion has no vehicle of expression; that there is no literary standard; and that consequently a reading public is drenched with bad books in prose and verse. We said some few weeks back that since the days of Helen of Troy women have been the cause of war. We are afraid that women must be held largely responsible for the present state of the book market. Women keep the drapers, who keep the newspapers, who keep the publishers, the authors, and the politicians. The results are, in politics an effeminate Government, and in literature the sexual novel.

#### THE CONSCRIPTION OF CAPITAL.

THERE are signs that one day some sort of a levy on Capital, whether by forced loan or otherwise, may be imminent. Newspapers are putting out "feelers," and already the Evening Stars are singing together for joy. Grave disadvantages attend such a course, but if the national need really demands it, that need is paramount. The national need will have to be proved, for this country is already more heavily and narrowly taxed than any other in Europe, and taxation, apart from rates, falls on a limited class, the greater part of which is far from affluent and wholly unorganised. The need, too, will have to be proved by facts, and not by phrases. There is a real danger that a levy may be twisted to serve a political turn, and used to propitiate or even aggrandise the minority of Socialists who mislead, misrepresent, and overbear the Labour that lends them organisation. Capital is held out by altruists, thirsting to transmute it into income, as a criminal to be sentenced without trial. Burglars do not like the policeman. He is, therefore, to be hung, drawn, and more than quartered by the professional agitators and politicians who have done so much to impede and exploit the war. The Fabians, too, who do not meet in secret like the Trade Unions, but publish their pretty theories with a pinch of salt for a relish, are quick to see and to seize opportunities. "Unrest," fomented by a weak, meddling Government, and intensified by the new Puri-

tans, who begrudge beer while they capitalise cocoa, is a golden opportunity for wringing the neck of the goose that lays the eggs. It is a great goose, but any Ministry that dares unnecessarily to usurp its functions will be a greater. The pose of Omnipotence without strength, omniscience without knowledge, would play the deuce with capital. But such is Government's humility that if a "mandate" be manufactured—and it owns a factory of mandates—it will meekly bow the head, and monopolise capital on principle. It will not monopolise the brains and free energy which made capital or the thrift which keeps it productive. There is the trouble.

Whether this cry be nationally and rationally warranted, or whether it is only a mobman's pretext, what is manifest at the outset is the rank hypocrisy of its presentation. On what is it based? "Equality of sacrifice" roars the redoubtable Mr. Smillie. Our lads and lassies have given their work and service, gushes an obsequious contemporary, why should wealth escape? It is, however, statistically clear that the better-to-do have from the first freely offered themselves and all their belongings, both on the field and at home, without waiting to be conscribed. The workman who went out at once, leaving the good Stockholmers behind him, sacrificed no more, perhaps less, in proportion to numbers, and both have been voluntarily splendid. He will be the first to own the love and the loss of those patriots who had some money, inherited or acquired. And their "wealth" has certainly not escaped, except in the evaporation of value. They are now paying, each in a degree, a huge part of their income—an income built out of savings by somebody. They are therefore unable to save much more, except in the few cases of inordinate fortunes. The less they can save, the less is the whole nation benefited and its productivity increased. Moreover, if capital were confiscated without any equivalent, it is clear that the income tax would be impoverished. The pleas, therefore, of "equality" and shirking capital are nauseating bunkum, and the contrast between immolated Labour and immolating Capital is an impudent insult. This claptrap is aggravated by the sham sentimentality that seeks to simulate justice and enkindle both pity and passion: it resembles the patchouli on some painted countenance. Let Russia serve, not as a precedent, but as a warning. Freedom does not mean booty. Socialism bids fair to ruin any country which it can manage to mismanage, and the temper of those semi-Socialists, who are never happy save when others are hit, is deplorable.

We can conceive of a crisis in which a levy on capital might be imperative. It would be a last resource, after all the other resources of a prosperous nation had failed, after the united taxation of a united people had proved unable to supply the interest on loans, after Government had retrenched to the last farthing and extinguished its riot of official extravagance, after a war-loan levy on income had broken down. Before a capital levy can be held urgent, highly-paid labour should have contributed its share of income-tax, direct taxation should have been broadened, and the Trade Union Co-operative Societies, which are rich indeed, should have paid income-tax and excess profits. And there should be no exemptions for Ireland. The spirit in which it should be worked would be one of public spirit. It would be a remedy not a revenge. It would not be undertaken in the mood of Henry the Eighth, who handed the impropriated Abbey lands to subservient favourites. "Impropriation" is "good," but, to do him justice, King Hal did not cant much: he knew how to rob; Robespierre (well-so-called) did not, and he tried, but failed, to institute a sack by sentiment.

The first whispers of a levy on capital emanated before the last war-loan from Mr. Emil Davies, a banking "expert," consulted by that curious con-

geries, the Government. There is no reason why Mr. Davies should not be a Socialist, but then there is no reason, though there is some humour, in the Government being advised on finance by a Socialist who writes money articles for the 'New Statesman.' He suggested that, as a throw-off, a tithe should be taken of everyone's capital, for Socialists enjoy incomes. And he gave some imposing figures about the national wealth which are still being advertised. He did not say how much of this is realisable, or whether the tithe would be levied as probate is, on all that may be ours—including our bed-clothes. He did not tell us whether trustees, whose position depends on solemn pacts and Acts of Parliament, would be included, or Insurance Companies, which have fostered thrift on the understanding that the rights of property would be respected. He did not explain how many scraps of paper might have to be torn up in the process. Wisely, he abstained from details. And then there is Mr. Webb in the background, the Professor of Socialist "Economics." He, too, has been busily drafting projects for economising capital. Who can say what the Premier may have promised the "Labourites" when in half an hour he brought their manipulators to heel on his sudden accession? Experience shows us that Mr. Lloyd George usually brings malcontents to heel by what are called large and important concessions. If so, surely those who pay the piper ought to be told. It will, we fear, be Mr. Bonar Law's jocose task as guardian of the purse to explain the ethics of annexation, and, perhaps, to ask the riddle of "When is a Conservative not a Conservative?" The answer will be, "When he is a Tory," and a foot-note on some White Paper will add that the word "Tory" is derived from the name of some Irish bandits in the reign of Elizabeth—a sort of premature Sinn Féin. But that is not the sole answer. "When nothing can be conserved" sounds tamer, though less antiquarian. And there is a third which Mr. Bernard Shaw might choose as the climax—"When he's a Conservative." For now the Jacobites join hands with the Jacobins. The toast goes round, but

"Who the Pretender is, and who the King,  
God bless us all, is quite another thing."

#### GOOD MASTER CLOCK.

THE externals of the clock and its mechanicals belong to history. The inventors of its various stages are often known or suspect; it has a definite commercial value, according as it is labelled Cromwellian, Boulle, Chippendale or Empire, Tompion, Fromateel, or Huygens; it has been for generations an object for collectors. But its part in literature, its spiritual import—what of these? Is it nothing, when walking soundlessly over a crisp carpet of new fallen snow towards sleeping Hitchin, to have heard the church tower discourse at midnight the notes of *Robin Adair*, in days before the war; or, passing Trafalgar Square at noon in days more critical, to hear St. Martin's strike the hour and thereafter chime a hymn to the Giver of Peace?

It were a task for patriarchal age to trace the clock in history, from the appeals by Demosthenes to the flow of the clepsydra to the clock that Fleance had not heard when Banquo asked the hour; to that which ticked before the eventful birth of Tristram Shandy; to the castle clock whose striking opens 'Christabel,' and that depressing timepiece which gave the keynote of the melancholy hours to follow, to Mr. Bultitude, again a school-boy, in the opening pages of 'Vice Versa.'

If *le style c'est l'homme*, still more is the clock the room, both in daily life and memory. No other corner is so familiar, so often looked at as that where the clock stands; it is indeed the quiddity of home, the very Lares and Penates. The clock should be

beautiful and set in fit surroundings—fair fields for the imagination, such as Plato calls for in an ideal education.

In childhood even the clock has a double aspect, the glad and the sorrowful. Time to come down to the drawing-room—what a vista of joy lies open, games of a more entrancing order than in the nursery because welcome, and not unwelcome to the Olympians there; time to go up to bed—the tragedy of the unfinished; and the clock is the expression, the symbol of both.

The English clock is essentially homely, a thing for use and not for decoration only. There is, or should be, virtue in its strike, which must be melodious, deep, a thing to listen to, not fussy, shrill, or husky. Great Tom, breaking the stillness of the Oxford night, is solemn happiness, when the tubular bells of the Victorian parish church are irritation, lasting and unmixed. Better silence than sounds which wreck our equanimity. The chiming clock is surely a mistake; days and moments fly, but a memento mori, as the Romans knew, should be present only now and then, and at times when the cheerfulness of life is paramount.

The friendly clock avoids these pitfalls. His face is clear but not obtrusive, his voice serene, or, if dumb, he has a kindly presence. Honest in his time, frank in his conduct, we turn to him at all hours, and are not disappointed. And your clock is not impersonal, a toy or ornament; he may be portly, John Bullish; she may be dainty, elusive. Was there not that clock which bore the Quaker name of Phœbe Fletcher, set off by an old panelled room in an old merchant's house in the City? Tall and slight, taciturn and demure, with starry eyes and fair moon dial—you may see such yet in ancient places—she tripped, not ticked, on her appointed course, as became her sex and Friend-ship; Lamb's Hester may have known her, as she passed from Pentonville into his City, and have taken some "bright forewarning" from that kindred spirit.

The very names of clockmakers are quaintness or harmony. Vulliamy, Valiant, of Harleston Howlet in the Waveney Valley, Merret, of Stroud, call up visions of quiet craftsmen, wigged and deeply, not widely, waistcoated—that were out of keeping with the picture—sitting in student-workshops pondering some new perfection in escapements. For your true clockmaker is a lover, not of his craft only, but of his children, setting his name to each as Dioscorides signed his intaglios or Stradivarius his Cremona, in some not inconspicuous place. How outraged must he have been at Mr. Pitt's Clock Tax, which for a brief period was laid upon all clocks that stood on the ground, and how gladly must he have evolved that queer monstrosity the Parliament clock, with its abbreviated case, the face of a grandfather clock hydrocephalically set above the spindle body like Elia's "mighty fragment," the legless beggar with the torso of Hercules!

And your true clockmaker has his fancies. Not that primitive idea of the sixteenth century German to show, when his clock struck the hour, the Crucifixion or the Flagellation; not the deadly ingenuity of the maker of the Perpetual Motion clock, or Congreve's, whose running pill reaches its journey's end and with a hiccough returns and does it again, and endlessly again, for some three thousand miles and one whole year, without man's help. These are not of the spirit; but your jolly Irish craftsman, whose clock—surely it stood above Uncle Toby's fire and sang with him—chimes Lillibullero in Whigish concert with the victorious section of his countrymen; your Peacockian divine, the Reverend Mr. Fish, of Erpingham, with his "louse-cracker" in place of the chime he could not hear—the sharp nip as of two nails at the work forgotten by a finicking and cleaner generation, till the trenches made it live again—its vibrations reaching the fingers, though not the ears, of the deaf parson its inventor, as he lay in bed in

darkness and pulled the string to set the crack in motion—these have the master touch.

A list of clockmakers will have its incongruities. Snooks of Norwich has an honest English sound, but is ill set against the name, familiar too, in other fields, of Congreve, or Arnold, or Tompion, the only member of his craft to achieve burial in the Abbey, or Christopher Pinchbeck even, whose name—for his invention was no fraud—has added a needlessly reproachful adjective to the language. History, too, may lurk behind the clockface. Lucy Lovick, of Norwich, was of Hansard origin, the name going back to days when traders from Lübeck swarmed to the East coast in search of wool and herring, and "Almaines" held watch and ward in Bishopsgate itself, and aided English soldiers to put down Kett's rebellion. Lovick, Lübeck—a more conspicuous variant is Lubbock—was descended from a Hansard trading family; descended, too, from Denmark Dunch, "Dannemark, Dansk," a ship man who gave this answer to the official inquisition into his parents and nationality, whereon the Norfolk Dogberry wrote him down in your true English fashion, as to what he should be, not as what he was, and Denmark Dunch he stands recorded.

Huguenots, too, of later settlement, have left their mark on the clock. Amulet Catchlove is a name sonorous and well-sounding, yet it is but the French Chasseloup disguised. In such corners history lies, till the needless antiquarian ends the song, and the Frenchman—bogey no more—is discovered behind your hearty Norfolk dumpling.

Greater men than these have set their hands to the clock. Adam designed cases of satinwood for the once homely grandfather as for clocks of higher social grade; Chippendale clocks of every aspect, from the Chinese through the Gothic to the Fiddle grandfather; Piranesi, the clock of ceremony, noisy to look on and somewhat pompous; while no less a man than John Bacon, R.A., sculptured the clock in the Presence Chamber at Windsor, the dial set in a monumental group that chills the soul, with a Latin inscription by Cowper, happily translated by Hayley, poetaster in all but epitaph and epigram:—

"Slow comes the hour, its passing speed how great,  
Waiting to seize it—diligently wait."

Herein is something of the serenity of the sundial, that clock whose machinery is Nature, and whose very imperfections shadow hers. Our life needs exacter hours, but the mind turns with a sigh to the moving finger that writes only in the sun.

Here and there the sun may still dictate the hours; till lately he assuredly did so. About 1886 a Norfolk ploughman made his furrows slightly S.E. and N.W., against the lie of the land, and thus explained it. "I can't afford them there watches, but I fare to get hungry too early, and want my 'levenesses; but when my shadow fall longways into the furrow, I know it's time for my thumbpiece," the gnomon of primitive man. Hungry from his early rising, too hungry to wait for the noonday break of other counties, this human dial-finger, this East county peasant, had found the angle needed for his 'levenesses, marking his own hours upon an earthly dial, himself the earliest clock.

Of man-made clocks the best is that which plays companion background, ever at hand, part of our daily life, "to be looked at, sir, just to be looked at," but, unlike Squire Crotchet's Venuses, appealing to each and everyone when the passing hours cry out for recognition. "Nothing is, nothing was, all is becoming." So Hegel, following the philosopher with his πάντα ῥεῖ, all is in a state of flux. Heraclitus, like us, had seen in Time the type and essence of the eternal change; the clock, which is its bodily presentment, he never knew.

The clock is Time made visible, the sun's interpreter, the measure of life in its beginning and its end, the earliest lesson of the young, the friend and counsellor of older men, Friar Bacon's head, speaking, when we will hear it, "Time is, Time was, Time is past." Time is the Fourth Dimension.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ASQUITH AT LEEDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74, Grosvenor Road,

Highbury, London, N.5.

2 October 1917.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith is reported to have said last week in the course of a speech at Leeds that we must banish once for all from our catalogue of maxims the time-worn fallacy that, if you wish for peace, you must make ready for war.

This advice is so contrary to experience, and so pernicious in the present state of the world, that if it were worth while to try to seek an explanation for it, such explanation could only be found in a gnawing desire on the part of Mr. Asquith to justify to himself, and, if possible, to his countrymen, his criminal neglect of the country's vital interests while he and his Cabinet were wallowing for years in the pestilent quagmire of party politics.

He is probably right in speculating on the docility of the English people in swallowing wholesale false doctrines and bad advice, provided they are preached and tendered by men who have succeeded in obtaining the ear of the public, for we all know that what counts in England is not *what is said*, but who says it, and, if it happens to be a comfortable belief, it is accepted unthinkingly and worshipped as a fetish by the solid mass of uninstructed opinion for whose votes interested politicians are for ever angling with hooks baited with the nation's most vital interests.

And now that Mr. Asquith, having betrayed his countrymen, is trying to mislead them with dangerous advice which reeks of the millennium, and can only make of them a tempting prey for aggression, it might be useful and helpful to recall the advice on the same subject given by the greatest and wisest of Englishmen, who loved England as no party politician ever can.

Here are his words:—

"It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected  
As were a war in expectation."

Every man must judge for himself between Mr. Asquith's advice and Shakespeare's.

If Shakespeare's is wise and patriotic and makes for peace and security, then Mr. Asquith's cannot be too severely condemned.

It does not differ much, if at all, from his *actions* in the past, and that he is still apparently impenitent, is an all-sufficient reason for his countrymen, having, by moral pressure, driven him from power, never to repose trust or confidence in him again.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ivy House, Newbury, Berks.

4 October 1917.

SIR,—It is disheartening after reading Mr. Asquith's speech at Leeds to realise that he and other politicians still continue to try and impress the British public with the dangerous and false idea that Prussian militarism is all we have to face and conquer, and imply that, if it were not for the German Army, English and German civilians would unite in brotherly love.

With regard to the German professors, who are men of various classes, many from poor homes, their hatred of England is, and has been, quite as venomous as it is in the Army itself. What of the spy system, an almost more deadly force than the German Army?

One hears people say that all the trouble in the world at present is being caused by the enemy Army, but it would be more true to say that half of it is caused by the Army, and the other half by the enemy spy system.

Strikes, misunderstandings, and discontent are brought about through, or very largely through, their subtle methods.

Mr. Asquith and other politicians must be well aware of all this, and for some mysterious reason wish to feign ignorance on the subject. Their attitude may be as harmful to England now and in the future as it was before the war.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. P.

## HANDWRITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My experience is that classical scholars, who have written iambs in their youth, generally write a neat and legible hand. It is indeed impossible to write Greek characters carelessly or illegibly. One of the exceptions, however, I met in Jowett, whose hand was minute, mean, and unreadable, like a fly crawling over the paper. Cambridge might deny that the Master of Balliol was a Greek scholar, but as the translator of Plato and Thucydides he must have copied out much Greek in his time.

I don't know that I agree with the article in your late number that much writing tends to make the quality of the hand decline. Burke, Disraeli, Dickens, Gladstone, and Carlyle, all wrote good hands to the end, as did Lord Salisbury, though in his latter years he did not use his pen so much as in the days when he was on the staff of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Personally, I incline to the belief that handwriting is an indication of character or at least up-bringing. We all know the vulgar hand: and feminine writing in its deceptive grace but real elusiveness is very characteristic. I perfectly agree with you that few sights are so pathetic as the faint and trembling scrawl of a once vigorous and familiar hand. The signatures of wills are more touching than the inscriptions on tombs.

I do not wish to flatter you, Mr. Editor, as I have no designs upon your cheque-book. But I remember reading in a leading financial newspaper that the editor considered *your* handwriting to be the most legible he had ever seen.

Yours faithfully,

A BROTHER PEN.

## HOW WE ARE TO BE GOVERNED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

30 September 1917.

SIR,—“An Outside Observer” writes in the *Times* of 28 August on the future of the Government of this country, a question of the greatest moment to all who desire to see our Government after the war shed that political Socialism which is one of the greatest evils consequent on a state of war and resume its old position as a representative authority broad-based on the people's will.

Not that we expect or desire the same Government we had before the war, but in order that the vital experiences of the past three years shall be properly understood and wisely applied it behoves us to consider betimes how post-war Government is to be shaped, towards which the correspondent of the *Times* makes some valuable suggestions. He describes the functions of the Government as two-fold—control and administration.

By control one understands that method of government which respects and maintains personal liberty and personal responsibility wherever possible, the method which has been the guiding feature of the British Constitution. It aims at securing public well-being by means of private enterprise as, not only more

economical, but more satisfactory in its results than the wet-nursing method of undue Government interference.

By administration we understand the method under which the Government becomes the executive. This method is the right one when applied to the functions which private enterprise cannot carry out, such as the protection of the country against invasion, by means of the Army and Navy, and the protection of the life and property of citizens, by means of the Civil Law and Police.

Thus limited, the method of administration cannot be too complete, as it benefits all citizens irrespective of class, age, or sex, and is, therefore, properly met by taxation.

When proposals are made to extend the method of administration the test of taxation might with great advantage be applied, and unless the cost can be justly met by taxation, then it may properly be ruled out as inadmissible. For instance, roads, bridges and sewers are for the use of all, and the cost may justly be defrayed by taxation; and may, therefore, be provided by the Government, or its representative, the Municipal Authority. Houses, trains and other means of conveyance will not bear this test. They are not used by all, and those who do use them must pay for their use. Therefore, the proper function of Government in these cases is control, not administration.

This would seem to prove that a primary question to be settled in every department is whether the Government should control or should administer.

But what of the expert in politics? The question as put by "An Outside Observer" does not imply the expert politician, but the expert in some business which it is supposed is not politics. In so far as that is the case, the business is certainly one that will not bear the test of taxation, for if it is some business which the whole of the community desires the Government to undertake, then the business is politics par excellence, and we want it attended to by a politician who is an expert in the business in question.

We have to revise some old ideas of what politics are before we shall be able to properly organise the Government of the future. To dignify as politics the functions of someone who has no knowledge or understanding of the work over which he is to preside will not hold water after this war. The rulers of the Navy, the Army, and any department of the Civil Service must be politicians who understand the work they are called upon to control or administer. This must be a *sine qua non*, and one hopes that it may be secured in connection with some form of Cabinet Executive, where mind with mind will blend and brighten, and individual capacity be developed in harmony with co-operative effort. To be politic is to be sagacious, to be wise. Only those who are wise and sagacious in matters connected with national or municipal government should be recognised as politicians.

But no consideration of the Government of the future can be complete without serious attention being given to the alleged sale of honours. The recent discussion on this matter in the House of Lords revealed a weakness in our political life which should be rectified without delay. Steps should at once be taken to free the Government and all political Parties from the possibility of suspicion of being associated in any way with so baneful a practice.

Apart, however, from its alleged misuse, the system of making politicians the medium of conferring honours is not defensible. The greatest capacity for politics does not qualify for judgeship in matters of Literature, Service and Art, or in works of Social Betterment, for excellence in which, honours should only be given by a body of recognised fitness. The suggestion recently made by Mr. Harold Cox that "a separate organisation of a judicial character" should be set up to advise the Sovereign on the discharge of his duties in this connection, appears to me to be a most valuable one, and might be adopted with great advantage to all concerned.

It would certainly relieve politicians of a duty for which they are not specially fitted, and add to the value of honours conferred.

I am, yours faithfully,

MARK H. JUDGE.

#### MR. CONRAD AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The House in the Wood,

Woodham, Woking.

3 October 1917.

SIR,—Mr. Joseph Conrad, in that poignant study of a soul in torment, 'Through Western Eyes' (written, I believe, in 1911), speaks with almost prophetic insight of the course that a revolution in Russia would take.

"Disruption!" he writes, "Better that thousands should suffer than that a people should become a disintegrated mass, helpless like dust before the wind. A volcanic eruption is sterile—the ruin of the fertile ground. . . . What is a throne? A few pieces of wood upholstered in velvet. But a throne is a seat of power, too. The form of government is the shape of a tool, an instrument. But twenty thousand bladders inflated by the noblest sentiments, and jostling each other in the air, are a miserable incumbrance of space, holding no power, possessing no will, having nothing to give. . . . What could move all that mass in one direction? Nothing could. Nothing, but a single will."

And, again, "The last thing I want to tell you is this: in a real revolution—not a simple dynastic change, or a mere reform of constitution—in a real revolution the best characters do not come to the front. A violent revolution falls into the hands of fanatics and of tyrannical hypocrites at first. Afterwards comes the turn of all the pretentious intellectual failures of the time. Such are the chiefs and leaders. You will notice that I have left out the mere rogues."

"The scrupulous, the just, the noble, humane, and devoted natures; the unselfish and the intelligent may begin a movement, but it passes away from them; they are not the leaders of a revolution, they are its victims, the victims of disgust, disenchantment, often of remorse. Hopes grotesquely betrayed, ideals caricatured, that is the definition of revolutionary success. There have been in every revolution hearts broken by such successes."

In such conditions as these, Sir, it would seem that the utmost patience is needed both to the actors in and onlookers at this stupendous upheaval. As the homely saying goes, "The watched pot never boils," and we are apt to become impatient and despairing as leader after leader starts into prominence, swiftly to fall into disrepute, and as event succeeds event, only to be merged again apparently into general chaos; the seething mass now rises, now falls, now sends off clouds of steam, now sputters away in futile bubbles or impure froth, now the good stuff below begins to make itself seen, now the scum rises to the surface. Well might the stricken country cry, "Yet much remains to conquer still. . . . New foes arise, threatening to bind our souls with secular chains. Help us to save free conscience from the paw of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

I remain, yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

#### THE PARADE IN WASHINGTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

6 Sept. 1917.

SIR,—I was in the city of Washington on the 3rd September, and saw the parade of drafted men. The parade lasted from 4 p.m. until 6.30 p.m. It was one

of the most interesting, impressive, and unusual spectacles which I have ever seen. I had an excellent point of view on the Treasury Building. There were no stands of any kind (a precaution, probably, for the safety of the President).

President Wilson led the parade on foot, accompanied by his Cabinet, and followed by 70 Senators and 300 members of the House (all on foot). There were 1,400 drafted men from the district of Columbia in line, and 10,000 regular soldiers. The sight was a most imposing one. It represented the world's greatest republic going to war. I was much impressed by the magnificent and martial appearance of the men of the regular army, the marines, and the sailors from the battleships, and by the beautiful and perfect order and rhythm of their marching.

In a private conversation (not under the seal of secrecy, however) I was told a few facts about German spies. It seems that many persons of German extraction in the Government service are being suspected and watched. There has been a vital and considerable leakage of Government secrets in the direction of Berlin. The theory is, that German agents have been obtaining positions under the United States Government, for purposes of espionage, for many years, under orders from the German Government.

I also heard some facts about the race-riots in East St. Louis. If my informant were correct (which I believe to be the case), there was a regular organised plan, upon the part of the negroes in East St. Louis, to rise and massacre the whites upon a certain date; but a premature rising caused the plot to fail. Of course, the negroes were armed and instigated by German propagandists.

I wrote to the SATURDAY REVIEW some months ago from Fort Worth, Texas, telling you that German agents were then endeavouring to bring about a race-war between negroes and whites in the United States. The race riots in East St. Louis resulted from these activities upon the part of the German Government.

Your obedient servant,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

#### THE CLUB HABIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cumlodan, Newton Stewart, N.B.

8 October 1917.

SIR,—May I lift a protesting pen against the article in your issue of last week, signed "By a Member of Bayes"? He is a misogynist for certain, but not so certain is whether his experience of women of the upper classes (to whom he presumably refers) is obtained through his knowledge of one small section only, or through the "Society Press" to which he makes allusion. That such women as he describes exist is an indisputable fact, but their existence is probably the result of demand and supply, for it is also an indisputable fact that a certain class of the male sex appreciate the society of empty-headed, frivolous women. What I do dispute is that these are numerous enough to warrant "A Member's" generalising remarks and sweeping condemnation, or that "the average woman's" idea of gathering the news of the day is to glance at the pictures in the morning papers. Servants, dresses, gossip, tittle-tattle of all sorts gleaned from the Society Press are the subjects that interest her to the exclusion of almost everything else. . . . The average women of the upper classes have done serious and splendid work since the beginning of the war, but their admirable work is in danger of being minimised in the mind of the public who may read "A Member's" views, or who confound these women with the smiling ladies "interested in war work" of the illustrated papers. Some of these may merit "A Member's" strictures, but, on the other hand, many are really excellent people who are libelled by their smirking portraits and by the twaddle printed beneath. Your contributor and the "Society Press" entirely misrepresent the upper-class

women of England, and, by leading the public mind to understand that the "average woman" is living a life of frivolity, luxury, and foolishness, they do a grave disservice to the upper classes at a time when the spirit of discontent and revolution is such a menace to our country.

Yours truly,

A. M. P. G.

#### RADICALISM AND GENTILITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 October 1917.

SIR,—In your excellent review of the Life of Sir Charles Dilke you say very truly that "with an ample fortune and a highly-cultivated mind, Dilke, at the age of twenty-six, was a veritable *trouvaille* for the Radicals"; but, when you add that "not since the days of Hobhouse and Burdett, nearly half a century earlier, had they found a gentleman to champion the cause of the extremists," are you not overlooking a once-famous but now-forgotten demagogue of the pre-Dilke era, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury from 1834 to 1861, who has been called "the last of the Radical gentlemen" (James Hannay, article in 'Edinburgh Courant,' November, 1861; reprinted in 'Characters and Criticisms: a Book of Miscellanies,' 1865, pp. 187-8)? Hannay gives the following account of him:—

"Tom Duncombe was a man of fashion and connections, a dandy, a dragoon, a rake; and he combined with these advantages a profession of ultra-politics which (aided by very good brains) secured him a free seat in Parliament, and a certain distinction through life. The social position would not have done it alone, nor the good brains and the ultra politics. But, coming together, they were irresistible, and in Finsbury, change what might, Duncombe was safe. The stolid but not ungenial Radical ten-pounder listened with delight to a lord's brother advocating changes which would have swamped all lords together; and swore that 'Tom,' in addition to being a gentleman, was a trump. The very fact that the idol's private reputation was a little queer and rakish was in his favour with the kind of man who is potent in Finsbury elections."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. L. D.

#### "POLITICAL PARTIES."

11, Palmerston Road,

Westcliff on Sea,

16 September 1917.

SIR,—With much of Sir John Rolleston's argument most of us will agree, especially his remarks about the supreme test of political leadership. His suggestion that "in the Cabinet of five, or six including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the feeling of the Conservative Party is well represented," seems to be open to debate. Speaking for myself and some other Conservatives, we feel that members of the Cabinet who support measures having such objects as the abolition of the House of Lords as at present constituted, the flooding of the electorate with an overwhelming number of new voters, and the gerrymandering of the constituencies; and who subscribe to the pernicious and enervating nonsense about the dear good kind German people who are ignorant of the fact that they don't hate England, are not representative of the Conservative feeling in the country. The measures we object to are party measures. They have been planks in the Radical and Socialist platforms for a long time.

We are prepared, it is our duty, to "discard our minor anxieties as to our internal politics," as Sir John Rolleston very properly suggests, but the destruction of our ancient constitution is not a minor matter. The onus is upon the Cabinet honourably to discharge its duty to prosecute the war vigorously and avoid party measures. The onus is certainly not upon us to accept

revolutionary party measures under the cloak of the urgency of war.

This is the opinion of many Conservatives, and the Conservative members should recognise it. Further, they should recognise that they are in the Cabinet as Conservatives; as the Conservative Party's contribution to the Coalition. They ought to insist that these party measures be not proceeded with, being neither matters of urgency nor concerned in any way with the prosecution of the war.

The forces of revolutionary Socialism, already great, increase daily, whilst our pseudo-Conservative leaders are helping to forge for them the weapons of destruction. The Tories are being dishd because their leaders have neither stuck to their principles, nor damned their principles and stuck to their party.

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN BOYLE.

#### OUR FLYING MEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chester.

SIR,—As we watch and are filled with admiration of the gallant deeds of our flying men some of us wonder whether it is quite fair that mere boys should be allowed, and perhaps encouraged, to attempt almost impossible feats at frightful risks.

The last few months of the war have witnessed a great development of fighting in the air, and our aviators, both naval and military, have been more prominent in deeds of daring than any other branch of His Majesty's forces.

The effective control of an aeroplane, even in the absence of an enemy, requires a combination of courage and resource which few men possess, but, when it comes to a struggle with a determined antagonist high up among the clouds, it is surprising that human beings can be found with nerves equal to tackling such a position. Our flying man has to act alone, or at most with one companion, and as soon as he leaves the earth both direction and action depend entirely upon himself. He is without the advantage of that confidence which numbers of men acting together always give. He is, as it were, constantly challenging to single combat.

The father of one of these heroes will, I trust, be pardoned for drawing attention to the large number of flying machines officially reported as "missing" from day to day, and for asking whether the High Command is satisfied that the purposes to be served by these innumerable air fights are always commensurate with the risks involved, and whether a sufficiently high value is placed on the lives of these gallant young fellows.

ANXIOUS.

#### SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In saying that "recognition of Shakespeare's greatness began after the Restoration," before which it was "for the most part limited to the populace," the Court and refined society favouring a more classical art, does not your reviewer forget the devotion to Shakespeare of the most cultivated of our Kings, Charles I? Milton, in his deplorable middle period, made this devotion a charge against King Charles, yet he himself had written the noble sonnet beginning "What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones?" It is true that he refers rather patronisingly to the unacademic poet's "native wood-notes wild."

Your obedient servant,

X.

#### ENGLAND AND THE HANSA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange, near Rotherham.

2 October 1917.

SIR,—Dalmeny is pure Gaelic. Dalry, Dalharn, Dalnaspidal, Dalrymple.

G. E. MOULD.

## REVIEWS.

### FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

George Wyndham: *Recognita*. By Charles T. Gatty. London: John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gatty tells Lady Grosvenor that "regulation biographies bore him to tears," and he somewhat needlessly adds that these memories are not a regulation biography. Indeed they are not, and we are a little doubtful of the propriety of publishing an intimate letter to a statesman's widow for critics to peck at. Englishmen do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and the printing of "friendship's finest feeling" somehow makes us uncomfortable. Men never say the things which Mr. Gatty writes: they may write them in very private letters. It is the giving of such letters to the public that strikes us as in questionable taste.

If ever there was a man who gave up to party what was meant for literature it was Mr. George Wyndham. Besides being passionately fond of scenery and animals, of hunting, of polo, and of lawn tennis, he was a born man of letters, a poet, an artist, a musician. Yet with all these paths of enjoyment open to him always, for he was wealthy and healthy, Mr. Wyndham chose to plunge into the murky rapids of politics. Why? Because he was born in a world where every man was a politician and every woman was a politician's wife or mother. It is very hard not to do what everybody round about you is doing and what your father has done. Just before he died, Mr. Wyndham said he would remain another two years in politics, because then he would have served as long as his father. It is a fine tradition.

Mr. George Wyndham was handsome as a god; not the ordinary athletic type, but a dark, refined beauty. He had an irresistible smile and a gentle, winning manner, very rare in Englishmen of any class. He was above the vulgar prejudice of party, as is shown by the fact that one of his most intimate friends was a Liberal. He was chivalrous, as he proved in 1892 when that friend was libelled by his Tory opponent, and Mr. Wyndham supported his friend against his party. Mr. Farquharson, the Tory member for one of the divisions of Dorsetshire, had spread the most odious imputations against the schoolboy career of his opponent. Mr. Wyndham heard the slander in the Lobby of the House of Commons and told his friend. A libel action followed, and the Tory squire was rightly cast in ruinous damages. Mr. Wyndham was much blamed by his party for giving away a Tory to his Radical enemies. But Mr. Wyndham preferred his friend to his party, in which, to our mind, he was right, for you can always find a party, but to find a friend is very difficult.

Mr. Wyndham's private manner was perfect; but his public manner was bad. He was elaborately polite, and on his legs he was affected. Mr. Gatty's explanation is that he hated politics, and felt himself out of his element at a meeting or in the House of Commons. Public life, we know, breeds public manners, but some men are more engaging in public than in private. Sir Michael Hicks Beach was coarse and insolent in private life to an unbearable degree. On his legs in the House of Commons he was the pink of courtesy: butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Mr. Wyndham was nervously anxious to please, with the result that some of the Tory squires said he had the manners of a dancing-master, though they did not complete the Johnsonian epigram. He had a strong sense of humour, as displayed in his description of a visit to Manchester with Mr. Balfour, quoted by most of the papers. His epigram on Mr. Balfour's coldness and detachment is quite good. "The truth about Arthur J. is that he knows there has been one Ice Age, and he thinks there is going to be another." Mr. Wyndham began his official career as Under-Secretary for War at the time of the Boer War, in 1898. It was a trying period, as the War Office was ludicrously unready, largely owing to the fact that Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for War, had not read General Butler's despatches from the Cape. After the Khaki Election of 1900, Mr. Wyndham became Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland, Lord Dudley. It is, of course, on those four and a half

years in Ireland that Mr. Wyndham's reputation as a statesman must stand or fall. Mr. Gatty tells us that what a man *is* is more important than what he does. To his friends, certainly; but not to his country, if he be a public man. The remark is nonsense as applied to statesmen or princes, and was used to excuse some of the worst acts of Charles I. The Land Act of 1903 was Mr. Wyndham's achievement, and it is too early to say whether it was wise or foolish legislation. The year and a half that followed are not so pleasant to remember. There can be little doubt that Mr. Wyndham, who was given a free hand by Mr. Balfour, was fired by the ambition of succeeding where Mr. Gladstone had failed. It was not an ignoble ambition, but it was a perilous one. Mr. Wyndham, his head, perhaps, a little turned by the success of his Land Act, thought that he would settle the Irish question. But he chose the wrong moment. He was ten years ahead of his contemporaries. What caused his downfall in 1904 would have caused his apotheosis in 1914. Besides choosing the wrong time, he chose the wrong associate. By calling Sir Antony MacDonnell to his councils, he aroused the furious suspicions of the Ulster Tories, and Mr. Balfour suddenly found his Government attacked by those of his own household and in danger of defeat. There were but two courses possible—a dissolution or the resignation of Mr. Wyndham. Need we ask which course Mr. Balfour chose? Mr. Wyndham retired; but he never recovered his political prestige, or, we imagine, his peace of mind. His next step was downward. Irritated, whether justly or not we cannot stop to decide, by what he considered Mr. Balfour's desertion of a friend, Mr. Wyndham joined Mr. Chamberlain's new party, and flung himself into Tariff Reform with all the ardour of an ignoramus. Mr. Wyndham knew a great deal about Plutarch and Shakespeare and Blake, but he knew nothing whatever about commerce or finance. We doubt whether he had ever seen a bill of lading, or a company's balance-sheet; and it must be admitted that he talked sad nonsense about Tariff Reform, though really his nonsense was often no greater than that of his Birmingham leader. But Mr. Chamberlain knew when he was talking nonsense. There was something feverish about the activity of Mr. Wyndham's last years, and, like so many men, he made the mistake of thinking that he could repair mental exhaustion by violent bodily exercise, which inevitably leads to another and more fatal error. We have said that we do not quite like Mr. Gatty's "Recognita," and yet, inconsistently enough, we feel, with Mr. Gatty, that a regulation biography of Mr. George Wyndham would be, perhaps, even less satisfactory.

#### THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SMALLER PEOPLES.

**The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans.** By R. W. Seton-Watson. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Seton-Watson has come to be regarded as one of our foremost authorities on Balkan lore, history, and politics, and so undoubtedly he is, from the literary aspect. But we should beware of deducing from his firsthand knowledge of the Near East, its lands, its peoples, and its leading statesmen, any exceptional competence to advise the rulers of this country as to what policy they should pursue towards the special objects of his scholarship and sympathy. Local information is a valuable, if not an indispensable, guide to the judgment of any diplomat; and it must be confessed that in recent times our Foreign Office has suffered grievously from the absence or neglect of such information. But

the possession of inside knowledge with regard to a foreign State, or group of States, is one thing; the shaping of a sound international policy based thereon is another, which calls for other qualities than those of the observant traveller, the enthusiastic student, the conscientious historian. Inside knowledge in such cases acts but too often as a dangerous incentive to an inside view. National altruism unbridled would mean national suicide. Yet, it is this, altruism unbridled, that so many British visitors to, or residents in, the various Balkan countries have sought, for several decades, to have us adopt as the keynote of our foreign policy towards the particular State or cause with which they happened to identify themselves. And when, on occasion, British Governments have yielded to their special pleadings, the result has almost invariably proved disastrous to both sides.

Let it be said at once that, whatever errors of judgment may be cited against the author, he must be held free from the reproach of exaggerating the claims or the merits of any single Balkan race as against the others. Indeed, he condemns the levity with which many fellow-writers have placed themselves in the hands of only a single race of so polyglot a region as Macedonia, where the discovery of three brothers boasting each a distinct nationality and creed, both changeable withal according to circumstances, is a common and perplexing occurrence. Nor does he deny the absolute impossibility of providing the peninsula with genuine racial frontiers, an admission, however, of which he does not seem to realise the full bearing on his definition of the rights of nationalities when dealing with the cognate problems of the Dual Monarchy and of the Adriatic seaboard. He is scrupulously fair as between Bulgar and Greek, and Bulgar and Serb, in his survey of their variegated bloodstained rivalries for Balkan hegemony; and we can hardly wonder if, despite the prowess of M. Venizelos and his stalwarts, Dr. Seton-Watson cannot bring himself to credit the Greek nation generally with the heroism he extols alike in Serb, Bulgar, and Rumanian! His affection for these three martial races, their present dissensions notwithstanding, is clearly one and indivisible, as he would wish their political status to be, and, at bottom, is still hopeful it may be in a not too distant future. But in this respect his own narrative of how, again and again, in the course of the nineteenth century the idea of a confederation of the Christian States was mooted, now by this, now by that far-sighted ruler, only to fall through owing to the petty jealousies of the people concerned, does not make for confidence. The tragic breach in 1913 between the victorious Allies of the 1912 Campaign against Turkey is especially disheartening, because, however much Austro-German intrigues and the failure of the Entente Powers, Russia included, to act in unison and resolutely may have helped to force a quarrel within the League, it is none the less quite clear that the predominance at that time of racial extremists in both camps had rendered a conflict inevitable.

To confine ourselves to Dr. Seton-Watson's criticisms of British policy in the Balkans under Disraeli's successors, the main fault of that policy has been, not, as he and so many other sentimentalists never tire of reiterating both in and out of season, that we "backed the wrong horse," but that, having once decided to back the Turk, we did not back him with a singleness of purpose such as would have enabled us to intervene with authority in all matters of internal reform, and to insist on the requisite measures of local autonomy for his non-Moslem subjects in Macedonia and elsewhere. Germany was not slow to perceive our mistake, and stepped in where we had feared to tread, in a very

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different spirit from that which would have prompted any British Government, to the undoing of the Christian States of Turkey and of ourselves.

The obvious lesson which is to be drawn from Dr. Seton-Watson's story of the rise of nationality in the Balkans is one that he himself does not see or would possibly be loth to draw. It emphasises the grave peril which lies hidden behind the now popular catchword about our battling for the rights of small nations—if that description of our war aim is to be interpreted as heralding the early creation of a host of new and minor states, possessing neither real political experience nor yet a high standard of general education. To cite Belgium and Switzerland as instances of small and well-conducted prosperous states is beside the point, in view of their cultural development, for which no parallel can be found in Eastern Europe. On the other hand, Belgium and Switzerland may well be cited as disproof of the contention that two or more races cannot live happily side by side within a common political frontier, a contention upon which the idealogues who clamour for the complete dismemberment of the Hapsburg Monarchy on account of its ethnically mixed character are for ever harping. In the abstract the principle of nationality or the doctrine that all men of the same language, customs, and traditions have the right to form a separate political entity is indisputable. In practice, however, the multiplication of the lesser political entities, owing, in the first place, to their weakness, which fans the greed of their more powerful neighbours, and, in the second place, to their frequent irresponsibility and quarrelsome disposition, could only tend to increase the possible sources of friction in the world; unless, indeed, the millennium were already in sight!

To put the matter in a nutshell, modern statesmanship cannot redistribute Europe on the simple basis of racial arithmetic. You cannot divorce a nationality from concrete geographical, historical, and moral values, nor from existing political, economic, and strategic conditions. Nor can you, without courting disaster, endow with full parliamentary and democratic institutions on the Western model communities but half emerged from Oriental sloth, enslavement, and barbarism. To this aspect of Balkan emancipation Dr. Seton-Watson is fully alive. For there could be no more telling exposure of the fallacy of grafting Western ideals upon Eastern soil than the account of the Young Turk Revolution of 1908. This outbreak was first greeted by our Radical Socialists with an enthusiasm as unbounded and as ill-considered as that with which the same idealogues and others hailed the deposition of the Czar last spring.

The analogies between the two revolutions are striking. Like the Slav revolutionaries, the Young Turks with whom Western Europe was in contact were men who had lived long in exile, divorced from Turkish life and thought, infected not so much by the true culture of the West as by the unbalanced theories of the wilder spirits of the Great Revolution. Moreover, the revolution which they promoted was above all the work of a single town (then Salonika, now Petrograd)! Finally, "the real brains of the moment were Jewish or Judæo-Moslem." Indeed, the main fact about the Committee of Union and Progress was its essentially non-Turkish and non-Moslem character, even as that of the present Soviet is essentially un-Russian and un-orthodox. In neither case were the most prominent leaders of the movement pure-blooded nationals.

The parallel might be carried further. Both Committees started by proclaiming the abolition of all racial and religious distinctions between citizens, in direct negation of the past history of either country. And both provisional Governments, by this abolition, came into conflict with certain elements enjoying military and fiscal privileges, the Albanians in one case, the Cossacks in the other. In the last resort, terrorism at Constantinople produced a counter-Revolution led by the generals and culminated in a policy of Turkification à outrance, and in a complete subservience to Germany. M. Kerenski might do worse than ponder over the plain though indirect warnings con-

veyed in Dr. Seton-Watson's survey of the Young Turk Revolution.

There is one blot, inevitable, perhaps, in this book—the omission of almost any reference to Italy's rôle, whether past and future, as a factor in the Balkan problems. The author makes *table rase* of the cultural influence wielded by Venice on the Eastern Adriatic sea-board between the eleventh and nineteenth centuries, or, at least, he only mentions the great maritime Republic in a slighting vein. It is a real pity that he should be unable to adjudicate between Italian and Jugo-Slav with the impartiality that distinguishes his judgments on Serb, Bulgar, and Rumanian.

#### MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S WAR NOVEL.

**Missing.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Collins. 6s. net.

A novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward which virtually ignores theology and politics, and scarcely glances at social reform, is indeed a sign of the times. She has aimed at producing a war-novel pure and simple, and has been wise in determining its scope by the necessary limitations of personal experience. She makes no attempt at writing from the standpoint of the soldier in the field. She sees the war through the eyes of the woman at home, dependent for all real information on letters from the Front and the brief visits of men on leave, and she describes the mental condition of such a woman in a sympathetic spirit which does not exclude some shrewd touches of insight. We have wondered whether she herself was conscious of the parallel which at once suggests itself between her heroine, Nelly Sarratt, and an earlier war-widow of fiction, Amelia, in 'Vanity Fair.' Nelly, though a simple soul, is never on the same level of amiable imbecility as her predecessor; but, like her, she exercises a fascination over the opposite sex for which we are obliged mainly to take the novelist's word. Under the first terrible shock of grief there is not much to choose between the two women in point of conduct. Both are helplessly, pathetically, absorbed in their own feelings. But, whereas the egotism of Amelia (fully admitted by Thackeray) is diverted into the maternal instinct, Nelly, who has no such resource, seeks her salvation by serving the victims of the war, and finds it in the response of heart and intellect to the demands of a wider sympathy.

In construction the story has little subtlety. The only approach to a plot arises from the extraordinary treachery of Nelly's sister, an original but not very lifelike figure. The characterisation generally is not on Mrs. Ward's usual level. The civilian representative of Major Dobbin has more airs and graces than our dear old friend, but he takes no hold on our affections. The soldiers are all good men and true—there are no George Osbornes among them—but our view of them is wholly superficial. The aristocratic V.A.D. is more in the author's earlier manner, and sufficiently convincing as regards her insolence and frivolity, and even her occasional lapses into efficiency; but we are altogether sceptical concerning her underlying goodness of heart.

The action extends from June, 1915, to May, 1917, and the ups and downs, the hopes and fears, alleviations and catastrophes of those two amazing years are vividly passed in review. Two subjects, certainly, of some moment at the present day, rations and raids, are, so far as we have observed, omitted. The immense change in industrial conditions, especially as affecting women, is only briefly touched. But the author's estimate of this and other features of the time is distinguished by a note of hopefulness.

**Love and Hatred.** By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.

In "Love and Hatred" we are settling down to a quiet and discerning story of an unhappily married couple in a prosperous town, both the husband and the wife having opportunities for dangerous distraction

near at hand, when the former is suddenly and mysteriously eliminated from the scene of action. The mystery takes some time to solve, and concerns what the French call a "crime passionnel." The author works it out cleverly enough, though we are somewhat surprised at the palpable carelessness of the murderers, which makes a clue into something like certainty. The book might be credited with another thesis, the constant and secret connections of lives which seem unlikely ever to affect each other decisively. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has arranged her well-varied party of persons involved with the skill of an old hand, and she has a nice taste in furniture and other accessories. Some may think these details excessive, but good taste is rare enough in any line to be refreshing. The wife who is the cause of all the trouble is not an agreeable figure, but she is well done, and we can quite believe in her existence in the world of to-day. We think, indeed, that Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes could afford to lay aside the element of mystery and crime, and give us a novel of modern characters and reputations in which the only weapons would be vexing or slanderous tongues.

The *FORTNIGHTLY*, which mischance prevented us from noticing last week, begins with the instructive, if depressing wisdom of Dr. E. J. Dillon on "The War Current and Peace Eddies." In his view "neither side is yet sufficiently weakened or dispirited by its losses or its outlook to abandon the essential aims to the prosecution of which these are due." Dr. Dillon gives some striking details of the state of anarchy which Russia is enduring. What a humbugging thief and blackmailer can do in that country is shown by the account of "Manasevitch-Manouiloff" by Mr. E. H. Wilcox. This clever impostor was associated with Stürmer, and made a handsome livelihood as an "official for special commissions." Ismail Kemal Bey's article on "Armenia and the Armenians" is too one-sided to be satisfactory; and we do not think there is much chance of his idea of an Armenian State being taken up. "The Freedom of the Pen: A Conversation with George Moore," due to Mr. J. L. Balderston, gives some specimens of Mr. Moore's views on literature, followed by a discussion of books which may be regarded as coarse, and the right to suppress them. We are a little tired of "Manipulative Surgery" and the case of Mr. H. A. Barker, which is raised once more by the Rev. J. L. Walton. Mr. J. D. Whelpley praises Mr. Roosevelt as the best exponent of the position of "The Naturalised American," and Mr. T. H. S. Escott gossips about well-known doctors in "The Social Adventures of the Faculty." Mr. Archibald Hurd, in dealing with "The Submarine War: Germany's Latest Miscalculation," points out that something went wrong in the early days of the enemy's campaign, and suggests that a number of their submarines were trapped by the ice which formed in the Sound near Helsingford. But while the submarines have not done what the Germans expected, we are, according to Mr. Hurd, not making adequate efforts to replace our losses at sea. The Navy needs more small craft, and our losses in the mercantile marine must be made good.

ERRATUM.—No. 3,232, p. 270, col. 2. For "Cullen" read "Culley."

#### LATEST BOOK.

Essays Liturgical and Historical. By J. Wickham Legg. S.P.C.K. 5s. net.

Dr. Legg is the most urbane, and most readable, as well as one of the most learned of English ecclesiologists. Perhaps this unusual combination of qualities is due to the fact that he was familiar with men and things before he devoted himself to books and ceremonies. In this volume he has collected a number of papers which show the variety of his interests and the range of his scholarship. The most generally useful among them is that in which he has collected a number of typical Roman Catholic criticisms of the Roman Liturgy, with a view of warning "those members of the Church of England who view everything in the Roman

## BRITAIN'S LIFE LINE

Do we yet fully realise what the German "sink-at-sight" policy means to Britain? The aim is to snap our sea communications—"Britain's Life Line"—and so prevent food reaching this country and supplies in adequate quantities reaching our large Expeditionary Forces. The efforts of the Germans are frustrated by the constant vigilance of the Royal Navy and its auxiliaries. The Navy, which works "out of the limelight," is slowly but surely overcoming the submarine menace. The least we can do in recognition of what the Royal Navy has done and is doing is to see that the Royal Navy Prisoners in the enemy countries are not forgotten. These are in the care of the

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rite through a fog of adulation." A description of the omophorion of the Archbishop of York lately exhibited at the Russian Exhibition leads to an account of a rite used by Archbishop Cranmer for blessing a pall, and among other subjects treated are the early use of liturgical colours, an Anglican degradation from the priesthood, and a mediæval English rite which has escaped nineteenth century revival. It is pre-eminently a book for the Anglican, lay or clerical, of scholarly tastes.

### THE CITY.

Since we wrote (15 September 1917) in criticism of the new proposals of the Government regarding the future organisation for the collection of Commercial Intelligence in Foreign Countries the question has somewhat developed, and along the lines which might have been expected. We then expressed the opinion that the proposal to carry on the work by a system of "dual control" on the part of the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade combined would not only involve excessive additional expense but indeed prove impossible in practice. The developments which have taken place, expected and unexpected, are interesting and worthy of study.

The Government has elected, for example, to anticipate the action of the House of Commons, and to put the scheme into operation without waiting for discussion in Parliament. They are acting in this matter, in fact, on all fours with the policy they pursued in the case of Lord Faringdon's Committee, and trying to force the hand of Parliament by presenting it with a *fait accompli* (just as the Kaiser attempted to do in his intrigue with the Tsar to force the hand of France). Sir A. Steel-Maitland has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary—as the Pooh-Bah, in fact, of the scheme—and has resigned his late post in favour of Mr. Hewins. Action, moreover, has been taken in connection with the Chambers of Commerce which is sure to provoke widespread dissatisfaction amongst those bodies—in fact, has already done so. The Association of Chambers is faced with a revolt amongst its constituent members, which may have serious consequences to that body and, politically speaking, produce much friction as soon as Parliament learns that premature action has been taken without its knowledge or consent. The root of the trouble lies where we placed it. The Chambers of Commerce know their own business better than the Government does. They know that what they want is a Minister of Commerce—i.e., a Minister charged with the duty of developing and fostering British Commerce by legislation at home and energetic action abroad. The lines of policy, fiscal or otherwise, upon which this development should proceed from time to time have little to do with the case. The underlying principle of management is the vital point. The Board of Trade should remain as an executive body charged with the duty of carrying out the regulations which from time to time exist and govern the administrative regulation of commerce. The Minister of Commerce should have nothing to do with this portion of the work, but should confine himself to the functions sketched out above. Under this plan clear working could be organised and overlapping and friction be avoided. This is what the Chambers of Commerce want and what the Government refuses to give them. For many years they have been urging this—for the classic period of forty years, as we have been plaintively told by their President. Their pleading has fallen upon deaf ears. The application of the potent solvent provided by a Great War has at last loosened the bonds of official obstruction, and, as in other cases, action has been taken in a hurry and by a plan which pleases few and satisfies almost no one. The first step of the new organisation has driven a wedge into the whole system upon which the Association of Chambers of Commerce has been built up in this country. It should be borne in mind that the Government has organised, or is organising, a complete—or what is intended to be a complete—system of collection and distribution

of information with regard to the position and possibilities of foreign trade. This is being done through the Diplomatic and Consular representatives abroad. The material collected is to be codified in London and regularly issued for the information of the public. So far so good. But then comes the question—and it is admittedly of importance—To whom is this information to be supplied? The Government say that it must be treated as confidential. This sounds reasonable at first sight, but requires further consideration.

### NEW BOOKS.

- A Churchman and his Church (A. E. Barnes-Lawrence). Longmans. 1s. 6d. net.  
 A Crusader of France: Letters of Captain F. Belmont. Melrose. 5s. net.  
 Æneas at the Site of Rome (W. Warde Fowler). Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.  
 A Girl's Way (Leslie Holland). Stockwell. 1s. 6d. net.  
 A History of the French Novel, vol. 1 (George Saintsbury). Macmillan. 18s. net.  
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 Cæsar: The Gallic War (H. J. Edwards). Heinemann. 5s. net.  
 Canterbury Pilgrims and their Ways (Francis Watt). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Christ in Hades (Stephen Phillip). Lane. 3s. net.  
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 Education: Scientific and Humane (Ed. Frederic G. Kenyon). Murray. 6d. net.  
 Essays for Everybody (Carrie Smith). Stockwell. 1s. net.  
 Foundations of Musical Æsthetics (J. B. McEwen). Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d. net.  
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 Lord Acton's Correspondence, vol. 1. (Ed. J. N. Figgis and R. V. Lawrence). Longmans. 15s. net.  
 Low's Handbook of the Charities of London, 1917. Sampson Low. 1s. 6d. net.  
 Lucretius on Death (R. Calverley Trevelyan). Omega Workshops, Ltd. 2s. 6d.  
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 The Cinema: Its Present Position and Future Possibilities. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.  
 The Economic Geology of the Central Coalfield of Scotland. Ordnance Survey Office. 4s. 6d. net.  
 The History of the Royal Fusiliers (University and Public Schools' Brigade). "The Times." 5s. net.  
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 The Things that are Cæsar's (Alfred Fawkes). Murray. 1s. net.  
 The Watchers (Emily Huntley). Y.M.C.A. 6d.  
 Tommy's Tunes (Sec. Lieut. F. T. Nettleingham, R.F.C.). Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Voices from Russia (Madame Olga Novikoff). Stockwell. 1s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

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### VERSE.

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